

# THE UNION.

"UNITED, WE STAND; DIVIDED, WE FALL."

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From San Francisco to the Big Trees of California.

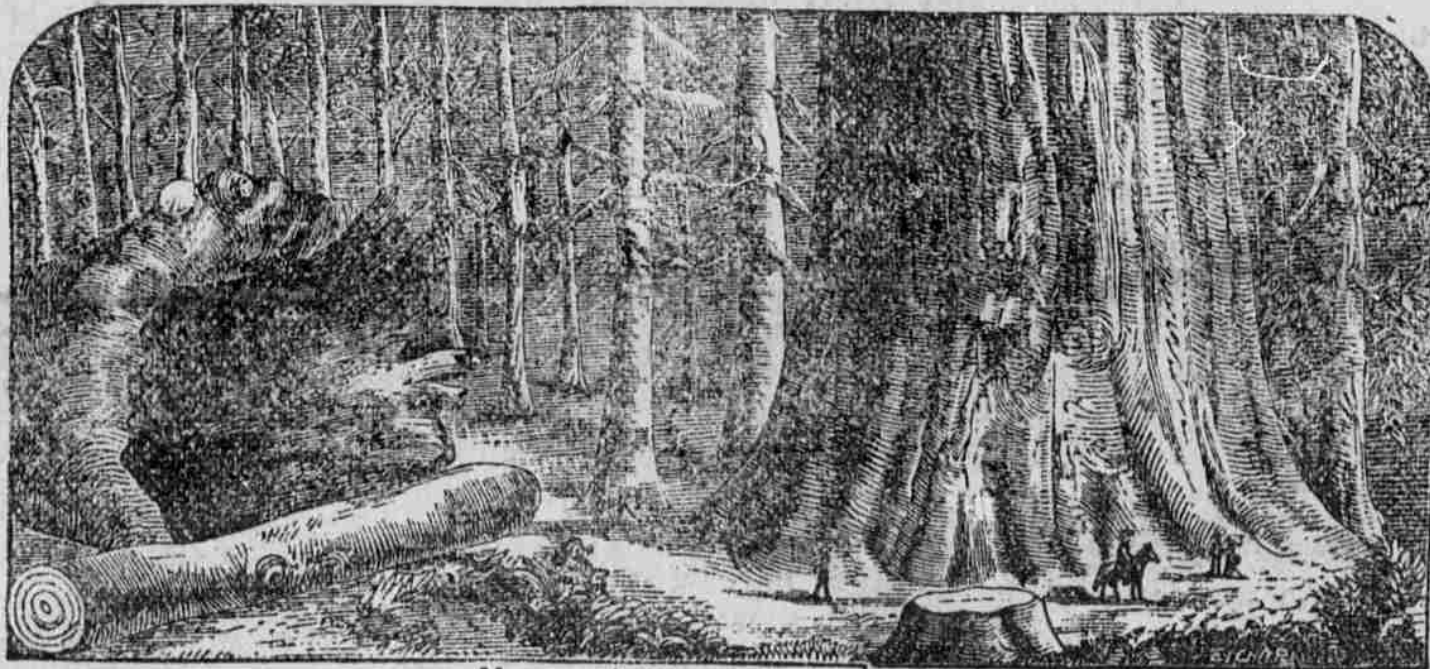
(We copy the following from Vick's *Floral Guide*, hoping it will be of interest, at least, to some of our readers, if not all. We can not publish the entire article in the present number of the *Union*, consequently will continue it until completed.—Ed.)

After making arrangements for horses and wagon to be in waiting at Milton, the terminus of the railroad, perhaps about thirty miles north-east of Stockton, we bade our good friends in San Francisco farewell for a season, and taking an early start, reached Milton about noon, where we were packed into stages, or rather three seated wagons, and about dark arrived at a somewhat deserted mining town called Murphy's Camp, having made twenty-nine miles over a strange, dusty, but to us a pleasant road. Here

we remained for the night and the next morning continued our journey to the big trees, yet fifteen miles east and nearly 2,500 feet upwards. The route was exceedingly pleasant, and our anticipations were at fever heat. The grand Sugar Pines, in the distance, we felt quite sure were the big trees, and the biggest trees in the world. Before noon we reached the pleasant hotel of Mr. Perry, at the edge of the Calaveras Grove, and after removing the accumulation of dust from clothes and person, determined to have a look at once, although dinner was announced—a matter of no small importance to the hungry mountain traveler. Until we traveled in California we did not know that eating was of so much consequence. We had just a look, and we thought the trees were not as large as we expected—that these Californians delighted in big stories as well as big trees—then we thought they were pretty large, but not big enough to make so much fuss about—then we looked again, and didn't have a very decided opinion about it; in fact had become

somewhat mixed, and thought we had better go to dinner. When we came out again the trees were a good deal larger, and they got larger every moment we looked at them. So we walked through this grove of fifty acres containing about one hundred big trees, and they were certainly large—they must be large—figures tell the truth, and we passed a string around some of them that measured between sixty and seventy feet, and others, by pacing, twenty feet and over in diameter; and no doubt over a hundred feet to the lowest branch, while the tops soared three hundred feet above us. Of

in their trunks, the foliage being thin, scattering and almost out of sight, while the trunk presents the most graceful shaft mortal eye ever beheld. We give an engraving of both foliage and cone, of about natural size. The Sugar Pine, a most beautiful and majestic tree, abounds in the mountains, and if not overshadowed by its mammoth neighbors would be thought of immense proportions. We measured some that were more than ten feet in diameter, unless we have forgotten the correct figures. They bear elegant cones, sometimes eighteen inches in length, and as they grow among the big trees, and the cones drop to the ground, they are often collected by tourists and carried away as the fruit of the Mammoth Tree, which bears but a small cone, as seen by our engraving. The Sugar Pine exudes a sugary gum, hence the name. After a short stay among the Mammoth



Mammoth Trees of California.



Leaf and cone of mammoth tree.

course, such trees were entitled to the name 'Big,' but their trunks are as smooth and straight as arrows, and everything around is large and it is difficult at first to realize their immensity. These big trees possess no beauty save

Trees, and we have ever since regretted its brevity, we commenced our return to Murphy's Camp, and having no occasion to watch for the wonderful trees, were at leisure to enjoy the delightful scenery; and we do not think there are fifteen miles of travel in the world that will afford such wondrous delight.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

EPIGRAMS.—A singular method was employed by the wits of a certain epoch to eke out their intellectual store; not only did they put their good things into verse, but they cast about for some place to write them in or upon, which should be itself significant, as thus:

WRITTEN ON A LOOKING-GLASS.

I change, and so do women, too;  
But I reflect,—which women never do.  
To which a lady is said to have replied:  
If women reflected, O scribbler, declare  
What man—faithless man—would be blest  
by the fair?

An unsophisticated person once declined a plate of macaroni soup with the remark that they 'couldn't palm off any biled pipe-stems on him.'